



The Flight



30 4 9

Chapter 1 by Lance Felix

The man jumped, diving into the air. Thoughts and memories raced through his head. His hat flew off.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



And into the giant novelty cream pie he dove. The crowd leapt to their feet and applauded. But there was no joy in his own heart; only shame and regret.

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



The life of the clown was not an easy one. It demanded unceasing respect for the art, constant perfection, and travel. His wife hadn't liked that. Neither had his second. His third, the tightrope performer, was on her last legs of the relationship. He had noticed how her eye had strayed to the lion tamer unceasingly for these past three months. It was true - never date a coworker.

Later that night, he wiped the makeup off of his face. He always hated the process. Not because the initial makeup took a good two hours to paint - though admittedly, that did factor in to the equation. No, this paint was his only buffer between him and the real world. Without it, he was lonely Abraham Jones, twenty years a clown without a one passing peacefully. When he first ran away as a child, he had thought life would turn out differently. Clowning seemed to be the only thing that he was good at - and he was. He could make people laugh; that much was for certain. But this wasn't where he had imagined himself when he was but a boy and gazed longingly over

circus advertisements, pouring over the wonders of the women and the peanuts and the daring feats.

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Sometimes, he thought the

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But something kept him rooted to the ground. Maybe it was a promise for better things to come, maybe it was fear. Either way, here he stayed, alive and relatively well. He couldn't help but notice that tonight, his wife was not joining him. Stepping out of his tent brought him the answer he was looking for. Loud moans rumbled the ground of the circus, filling every inch of his body with hot electricity.

He winced, thinking back to his tent. Was he to hide in there, like a coward? Or would he face his wife like a man?

The approaching footsteps gave him his answer.

Chapter 4 by Hope!



There she stood, tall and muscular.

She glared at him.

She seemed to be unsteady on her feet, as if she drank again.

The clown sighed.

She was.

And when she drank, that only made the problem worse.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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